

BEATUS ILLE!

["It is now stated that Mr. KROGER will probably leave for Mentone in the middle of October... Mr. REITZ and his two sons talk of settling in Madagascar."—*Daily Paper*.]

My friends, let not your grief be loud:
Indeed, dear friends, 'tis not so ill;
Behold the upright head unbowed,
The righteous unforsaken still!

Here in this highly favoured spot,
By this blue sea, in this mild air,
I have secured a modest cot,
And I propose to winter there.

From hence I can survey the land
From which I fled and feel no pain;
The rolling veld, the roaring Rand,
Will never call me back again.

League upon league of spume and foam,
Of barren sea and shrieking sky,
Divide me from my ancient home.
Would I retrace them? Not I!

The heaving ocean has for me
No charm to lure me from this shore,
I am (like NELSON) sick at sea,
And I shall never tempt it more.

My wants are few. I do not pray
For wealth and all the wrong it
breeds;

My income, I am glad to say,
Amplly suffices for my needs.

I saved a very decent sum
In those fat years when I controlled
My country's fortunes. None shall come
To rob me of my hoarded gold.

My high position in the past,
And my adventurous finance,
Permit me to retire at last
In comfort to the South of France.

Here will I sit me down and bask
At ease upon this heavenly coast.
What more could anybody ask?
Yes, I am luckier than most.

POOR JOUBERT's dead and under ground,
The doctors shake their heads at STEYN,
And worthy BOTHA fusses round
Asking for money—quite in vain.

REITZ and his sons fare to and fro,
Seeking some fertile patch of ground
In Madagascar. Let them go;
I shall not miss them, I'll be bound.

DE WET makes speeches far and wide;
No one attends to what he says;
The rest no doubt are occupied
In similarly futile ways.

So they go on. And only I
Fling old ambitions quite aside,
And with sublime philosophy
Accept the goods the gods provide.

And when the south wind softly blows
I creep towards my favourite seat,
Lay back my head and dream and doze
Serenely in the noonday heat,



OUR ARTIST, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY, THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDYING CALVES.

And feel while MILNER, night and morn,
Cudgels his brains and tasks his wit,
And CHAMBERLAIN exalts his horn,
The exile has the best of it!

A FABLE.

[In the opinion of the German EMPEROR large Army corps are not suited to the requirements of the British Empire.]

"CLAWS seem a trifle long," remarked the Eagle casually to the Lion.

"Think so?" replied the Lion, inspecting his pedal extremities with indifference. "I like 'em long myself. Matter of taste, of course."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Purely a matter of taste, as you say. They do

say, though, that claws are not being worn long this year."

"Yet yours appear to be moderately substantial."

"Mine? Oh, ah. Yes. Mine. Yes. But of course what may be excellent taste in an Eagle, in a Lion on the other hand—"

"The question," observed the Lion with some hauteur, "of what is and is not suitable for Lions is one to which I have devoted a long, and, I trust, not unprofitable lifetime."

And with a thoughtful look upon his mobile countenance he resumed the congenial task of sharpening the criticised members on the trunk of a local tree.

THE PLAY AND THE BOOK.

[Mr. HALL CAINE is here supposed as reluctantly consenting to receive an interviewer during the performance of his melodrama at His Majesty's Theatre. The writer of these verses acknowledges his indebtedness to "M. W." for the account of a similar interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

You ask me how I did it? whence inspired
This brain achieved that wonder of womanhood
Whose lips, her anarchist lover's cause at stake,
Inform the gendarmes, so to save his life,
And make my masterpiece the thing it is?
Why, then, 'twas just a story came my way,
Not *ben trovato* (how the language clings!)
But *vero*—chronicled fact, base ore i' th' rough
That craved the crucible's refining flames.
I live the hidden life, else you had heard
Just how it fixed my fancy, this same tale,
Far back i' th' wilds of Russia, steppes and such;
Brooded above my pillow, dazed my dreams
Like fumes of vodka, gripped my waking thoughts
So in a vice I could not throw it off.
Meanwhile the summons o' duty drew me home
Pledged to supply the imminent claims of Man;
And not alone the general human race,
Hungry to have of me the final word
On crucial phases, Christian and the like—
But the particular Man, the Island world
Nestling about the base of Greeba's towers,
Where I already moved, a thing apart,
Elect of Nature's predeterminate choice
To be the Manxman's guide against the hour
When Kings should moor their barques in Ramsay Bay!
Yet still in that loud boom o' th' market-place
And clamour o' Fame through which my hermit's mind
Went uncorrupted, I—I waited on,
Nursing the heavenly vision next my heart.
At length the way was clear; I knew at length
The instant call of Rome, and I obeyed.

And here's my audience kindly predisposed
Since all the world has read my book, you say?
Too flattering! Call it ninety-nine per cent.
But there's a difference, mark, 'twixt play and book,
Since *Roma* dies i' th' tale, and here she lives—
A stroke of genius, though I say the word,
And illustrates the higher use of art,
How it was made for man, not man for it.
You've seen the acting version (HEINEMANN)?
No? Yet the work's on sale i' th' intervals.
Yes, quite my own idea, not TREE's at all.

Ah! there's the *Serenata*! That's my brave
MASCAGNI! How the local colour stirs
The Roman in the restive bones of me,
Till Italy, my foster-motherland,
Throbs in my dancing veins! Once more I seem
To see the Eternal City painted red
(BEDEKER's hue); once more I seem to hold
Her inmost secrets in my hollowed hand.
Nay, nay! I'd not divulge affairs of state,
Vatican complots, schemes o' th' Quirinal,
Concerns that touch the immediate heart of things,
Pantingly mix wi' th' moment's breathing life—
Nor let my little finger use a force
Might rudely compromise a Pope's career
For whom I entertain profound regard,
The fruit of intimate knowledge. These my actors
Are types that symbolise perennial truths,
And should retain, some thirty seasons hence,
Scarce less of import than they have to-night;
Though present principalities and powers
Meantime should drink the dust, and leave my play
Still running nicely. Hush! *La Donna* speaks! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"FROM the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song." This is *The River* (METHUEN), by whose mighty stream runs, through sunshine and storm, the thread of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOT's last story. Since he refrained from giving up to clerical duty in an insurance office what was meant for mankind, the author of *The Human Boy* has been steadily making his way in Literature. *The River* places him in the front rank of living novelists. His descriptions of Dartmoor and Dart are unequalled since BLACKMORE ceased to paint them. The men and women, more especially the men, with whom he peoples the scenery, need fear no comparison with creations of the Master. *Nicolas Edgecombe*, a warrener by occupation, a simple-hearted, high-souled gentleman by every instinct, is one of the finest characters my Baronite has come upon in the fiction of the still young century. His neighbours and companions in the same humble walk of life have the shrewdness, simplicity and humour that mark the character of some of SHAKESPEARE's country louts. Attempting to comfort the warrener in sore distress, Mr. Chugg, the water bailiff, says:—"Us often has to look back over half a lifetime afore us can tell what Providence be up to. An' if us could always get the bird's-eye view—which in general we can't—us would always see Providence in the right of it." A comforting doctrine, worthy to be laid to heart.

The scene of *Anna of the Five Towns* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is laid in the Potteries. Of this hive of industrious humanity Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who knows it *au fond*, gives a succession of striking pictures. The story is slight but admirably told. Old *Tellwright*, the miser, who has scraped together £50,000 and allots a sovereign a week for the household expenses of two daughters and himself, is a striking piece of portraiture. My Baronite is not drawn towards *Henry Mynors*. He is much too good for human nature's daily food. As *Anna* discovers before she unaccountably married him, he is tainted with touch of the Pharisee. *Anna* herself, a straightforward capable housewife, is another excellently drawn character. The only point wherein she is disappointing (save in marrying the Pharisee) is that she did not earlier deliver herself from the thralldom of her tyrannical and avaricious parent. They are all common people in the Five Towns, but they are all real flesh and blood, each profoundly interesting in his or her way.

It was a peculiarly happy thought on the part of Mr. OWEN SEAMAN to dedicate his amusing parodies, which having at various times appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages (chiefly under the head of *The Book of Beauty*) are now republished in one volume entitled *Borrowed Plumes* (CONSTABLE), to "The Authors, many of them my friends" naively explains O. S. "whose methods I have here attempted to imitate." A soft dedication turneth away wrath, and the oil of geniality is soothingly preventive of possible irritability. But that the reader will not find herein aught set down in malice is assured, since it has received the *imprimatur* of *Mr. Punch*, which is the best guarantee for its wit, wisdom and good nature.

In digression, which is the better part of autobiography, lies the charm of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE's *Bar, Stage, and Platform* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), as he shows himself a master of this particular art. A capital anecdote about *the Bar* recalls to his mind an equally good story about *the Stage* or *the Platform*. He has much that is amusing to say about Amateur Theatricals: and, going off at a tangent, he records a pleasant rejoinder of the PRINCE CONSORT to an objection raised by the Heralds' Office, concerning certain quarterings, which must have caused Rouge-Dragon and Co. to "sit up."



"CASTING PEARLS—"

Marylebone Bumble (to Mr. Carnegie). "GO AWAY, MY GOOD FELLER! WE DON'T WANT NO BOOKS 'ERE!"

["Marylebone is not going to allow itself to be bribed, even by Mr. CARNEGIE, to encourage reading within its borders, and so it has declined that gentleman's offer of £30,000 for the provision of free libraries."—*Westminster Gazette*, Oct. 1.]



and, as the Baron fancies, now appears in print for the first time. Mr. MERIVALE's early days seem to have resembled in some particulars those of little *David Copperfield*, and here the narrative is humorously pathetic. He recounts not a few entertaining anecdotes of THACKERAY, and he gives just praise to DICKENS, but his memory plays him a trick when he quotes from *Pickwick*, and tells us how a certain incident recalled to him "the Pickwickian episode of *Prodgers* and the lantern." The "lantern" is all right (see pp. 175—78, vol. i., *Pickwick* Victoria Edition), but there is "no such a person" as "*Prodgers*" on in this particular scene, of which the hero in question is merely mentioned as "the scientific gentleman." Verification of quotation would have saved Mr. MERIVALE from this error. The author, it appears, has seen some strange sights in his time, as, for instance, "BILLY WARNER" (of Harrow), "who sold brandy balls in a very long red coat with very large brass buttons." At p. 276, where he is rattling off a story about himself and "two chums" at Monte Carlo, he concludes by telling us "we pocketed our gains, buttoned our breeches, and withdrew, as both joyfuller and wiser men." Had our author not been in such a hurry he might have added "pockets" to the "breeches," and then this passage in the narrative would have been unexceptionable. This book being, as the Baron has already testified, full of good things, is hereby strongly recommended by the Faculty, whose representative is

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE FINEST PLEASANTRY IN THE WORLD."

["... the Court was in an uproar from the moment the magistrates took their seats... Counsel for the Crown was rudely interrupted by the defendants... much to the delight of the crowd... After some particularly riotous scenes the police were called on to clear the court... One of the defendants was supplied with meat and bread in court."—*Globe*.]

Counsel for the Crown. The prisoners are charged—

A Defendant. Charged a dale too much for their accommodation. Oi'd loike a bit o' lunch to go on wid. Oi havn't aten a morsel since last time.

[*Loud cries of "Shame on the Polis for shtarvin' of um!" "Shtick up fer yer roights, avick!" "To h— wid the magisthrates!"*]

Chairman of the Bench. If these observations are repeated, I shall clear the Court.

Second Defendant. Arrah thin, clear yer own muddy brain first!

Chairman (indignantly). Are these indecent interruptions to continue?

Third Defendant. 'Coorse they are.



G. L. S. 1902.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"I INTEND TO COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE THIS AFTERNOON. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SOONER."

"THANK 'EE KINDLY, MISS. IT 'LL BE LIKE A BOTTLE O' PHYSIC TO HER!"

First Defendant. Oi tell ye Oi'm shtarvin for me lunch. Oi'll take a sandwich and a shmall bottle o' porther.

[*Refreshment brought in by order of the magistrates. Defendants indulge in a sort of "free-and-easy" picnic in the solicitors' well, after which they light dirty clay pipes. Crowd bursts into loud cheers.*]

Counsel for the Crown (resuming). As I was saying, the Defendants are charged with intimidation in this neighbourhood, and so complete has been their system that up to the present moment

none of our witnesses have dared to venture near the precincts of the Court. We have, however, now endeavoured to get them here by the aid of the Police and a small covered van. If we succeed in this—

First Defendant. Ye will not. What-iver decision these fat-headed magistrates give, we shan't obey ut. Even if they acquitted us, we wouldn't walk out o' the Coort! Ould Oireland for iver!

[*Vociferous cheering, in the midst of which the Court was cleared, and the magistrates, under police protection, left for home.*]

ARCTIC ADVANTAGES.

You may drown, you may starve, you may freeze,
 Your raiment the Eskimo haply may steal of you;
 Your limbs may drop off by degrees,
 Or a stray Polar bear may perhaps make a meal of you.

You may feed upon blubber, or dogs,
 Your ships may be scrunched by an iceberg to splinters;
 You may grope in the region of fogs,
 Oppressed by the gloom of perpetual winters.

Yet thither should invalids fare
 (Say experts), if Heaven has blessed them with gumption;
 For one thing is certain, that there,
 Whatever else ails you, you won't have consumption.

"A VERY EXCELLENT PIECE OF VILLONY."

Tit. And., Act II., Scene 3.

Nor since he "came out complete in two parts" (like a short story) in *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the St. James's has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER been so perfectly fitted with a character as he is with this of *François Villon* in Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY's successful Romantic Play, entitled *If I were King*. How this line must recall to Offenbachians the "Si j'étais Roi de Béotie, J'aurai des sujets et des soldats!" But this by the way, and *François Villon*, King of France for a week, having soldiers and subjects galore, makes the best use of the former and obtains the goodwill of the latter. King LOUIS the ELEVENTH has a mysterious dream, which none can interpret for him satisfactorily, wherein he has seen "a star," doing something,—I could not catch what it was,—and naturally enough (at the St. James's at least) he beholds in Mr. ALEXANDER, as *Villon*, the bright particular Theatrical Star, realising to the full his otherwise inexplicable vision.

Now, when this "*Villon* of the piece"—a double-dye'd *Villon*, unkempt and ragged as he appears in the first act, and about as disreputable as villains are made—that is, according to his own account of himself in this play, and in ROBERT STEVENSON's *A Lodging for the Night*—when this same *Villon* is washed, shaved, combed, groomed, and put into "gorgeous array," then begins a brief fantastic career to which that of *Ruy Blas*, the Lacquey, is a matter of curiously slight importance.

ALEXANDER may have other worlds (dramatic) to conquer, but so far as a gay and gallant hero of genuine romantic melodrama can have it all to himself he stands alone, triumphant. Fortunate is he too in his *prima donna*, whose name, Miss JULIE OPP, as representing a charming "ladye of high degree," is so suggestive, to any Cantab, of the list whereon he himself may have figured as a "Junior Op." Miss OPP is *Katharine de Vaucelles*, a beautiful lady-in-waiting, and, "as everything comes to one who waits," into her arms tumbles *François Villon*, poet, politician, patriot, field marshal, conquering hero, and in fact any number of single gentlemen rolled into one. For dignity and sweetness commend me to Miss OPP as *Katharine*, the proud and loving; but for simulation of scorn and exhibition of violent temper commend me not to JULIE OPP. Impersonating the heroine she falls short of her own high standard, as, by the way, do all persons who give way to over-mastering fury, and so perhaps she may be artistically right after all.

But 'tis with Miss SUZANNE SHELTON, as the boy-coated *Huguette du Hamel*, that the audience sympathise. Hers is a part most important in the drama, a part that "grows upon you," a part that from the first rouses curiosity; for, as *Huguette* madly loves *François*, and as *François* has a soft corner in his heart for her, if he and *Katharine* are to

be united at the last, and everybody to be made happy, as everybody should be in all well regulated romances, then 'tis clear that the weaker vessel, yeapt *Huguette*, must go to the wall. So, opportunely, she, rushing in between *Thibaut* (Mr. LYALL SWETE) and the object of his vengeance, receives the stroke of the assassin's dagger, and becomes, *par excellence*, the heroine of the play. True that *Kate* offers her life to save *François*, but in doing so she is only imitating the example of the dauntless and devoted *Huguette*, who has died to save the man she loves. It is the author who is her assassin, and in making her a martyr, he, having no resource at his command, sacrifices to her all the interest that his other heroine has already, temporarily, aroused. *Huguette* becomes, undoubtedly, the heroine of the piece, though this was never the author's intention. It is this repetition of motive, this poverty of resource, that constitutes the weak point of the drama, and renders the last scene of all so comparatively uninteresting.

It is magnificently placed on the stage, the scenic artists, Messrs. HANN and TELBIN, having given us of their best (as indeed have all concerned in the production), and that it is thoroughly well acted throughout, effectively stage-managed by Mr. REYNOLDS, and fitted with appropriate music by Mr. ROBINS, goes without saying. And that it has come to stay for some time is a fair certainty.

"ONCE ON BOARD THE CUTTER—"

"As you're a bad sailor I won't ask you to come for a cruise, old man," said my yachting friend BACKSTAY, "but just run down to Ryde from Saturday to Monday. I promise not even to get under way, and you'll like the life on board."

I went. I *did* like the life on board—there was a dead calm—feeding and cooking were excellent, the champagne superb.

Dear old BACKSTAY!

Next morning he came into my cabin and said, "Tumble out, old man, and we'll go overboard."

That appeared to me rather a drastic method of taking one's morning bath. I explained this to BACKSTAY, and he laughed and told the Steward to bring me one of those horrible rubber arrangements to tub in. I tried twice to get into it, and finally rolled the whole affair (and myself) over on the cabin floor, entirely spoiling the carpet.

Breakfast over, BACKSTAY suddenly suffered from an inspiration.

"We'll have the cutter out and sail down to Cowes," he said.

So we scrambled over the side into a cockle-shell with a sail in it. I was about to sit beside BACKSTAY in the stern portion, when he said:

"No, old man, I want you more forrard—there"—indicating a bare-board seat, which I found most unsympathetic—"that trims the boat better, and you can get hold of the sheets when I tell you."

I murmured that I didn't want any sheets—a thick blanket, folded over several times, would have seemed much more attractive.

BACKSTAY sat in the stern with the string—I mean ropes—all round about him: a hopeless-looking tangle. The sail went flap! bang! and then suddenly the long stick—boom, I think it is called—came flying over, hitting me unpleasantly hard on the right ear, and hurling my cap into the sea. Of course I had to go bareheaded all the rest of the morning.

Suddenly we heeled over at a frightful angle, and I slid right down to the side. Clutching a rope, I just saved myself from a watery grave.

"Is this—er—is this quite safe, do you think?" I asked nervously.

"Perfectly," answered my host, never taking his eye off the mast, which seemed to me to bend in the most extraordinary way. "Do you think our stick is buckling?" he asked; "it's a new one I'm trying. Hope it won't go."

I would have given much to have been able to "go" myself—ashore for choice—especially as the wind was decidedly freshening, and every now and then a small wave jumped suddenly into the boat.

BACKSTAY laid a hand on my shoulder. "Sit right down in the bottom of the boat, old man. It'll trim her better," he said.

I didn't know what he meant by "trimming," but I looked fearfully at the four or five inches of water swashing about, and then at my best blue serge trousers. However, there was no help for it, and down I sat, giving a little gasp as the cold water first reached me.

A strong breeze suddenly sprang upon us.

"Now we'll go about!" cried BACKSTAY, putting his helm hard up. "Leggo! now haul in your lee sheet—no, no! not that! Haul in your—oh here! catch hold of the tiller, and let me come. Luff!—Luff!" he almost screamed.

Now what would any man—I mean any ordinary business man, as opposed to these buccaneering, "yachtclubby" seafarers—do, under such circumstances? I tried my best—I caught hold of every rope I could see and frantically pulled them all—and even *that* seemed wrong! And when, to crown it all, he told me to take the tiller, and talked that ridiculous nonsense about "luffing," I really felt offended. He ought to have known that that kind of jargon would not appeal to me in the least.

We turned round—tacked, I mean—somehow, but a lot more water came on board and I got the full benefit of it, both in my face when it arrived, and afterwards whilst sitting in it. And then BACKSTAY—who sat dry, *par parenthèse*—exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Isn't this ripping?"

"Dripping, you mean," I replied rather acidly. "When shall we return to the yacht?"

"Oh, plenty of time. We can beat back in an hour."

I don't know what he meant, by beating. All I can say is that we never reached the yacht for three mortal hours, and I was starving. That unpleasant experience cost me a new serge suit, an attack of mingled lumbago, rheumatism, and sciatica, and a brand-new yachting cap.

D—ear old BACKSTAY!



THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Recruit. "LOOK 'ERE, MISTER, IT AIN'T NO GOOD. THIS SADDLE WON'T GO ON THIS 'ERE 'ORSE. I GOT IT OVER 'IS 'EAD ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T GET 'IS LEGS THROUGH NOHOW!"

MOTOR QUESTIONS.

WHAT rushes through the crowded street
With whirling noise and throbbing beat,
Exhaling odours far from sweet?

The motor-car.

Whose wheels o'er greasy asphalt skim,
Exacting toll of life and limb,
(What is a corpse or so to him)?

The motorist's.

Who flies before the oily gust
Wafted his way through whirling dust,
And hopes the beastly thing will bust?

The pedestrian.

Who thinks that it is scarcely fair
To have to pay for road repair
While sudden death lies lurking there?

The ratepayer.

Who as the car goes whizzing past
At such law-breaking stands aghast,
(For forty miles an hour is fast)?

The policeman?

Who hears the case with bland surprise,
And over human frailty sighs,
The while he reads between the lies?

The magistrate.

HIPPODROMAQUATIC.

A WONDERFUL Show at the London Hippodrome. *Phroso* is as much a puzzle for those interested in mechanism as must have been the Monster to the visiting friends of



Joso, the Mysterious Parliamentary Mechanical Figure.

Frankenstein. Odd! But the first moment *Phroso* appeared his face and manner seemed quite familiar to me. The eyeglass was wanting, but the absence of the orchid was fully atoned for by the general orchidness of *Phroso's* movements. In this sketch the figure is eyeglass'd and button-holed *de rigueur*. It is a pity this "Mysterious Mechanical Doll" does not appear in a comic scene of dialogue with some one in Lieutenant COLE's line. *Phroso* is taken too seriously: he is not yet quite accustomed to London society, and his manners are altogether too stiff, though now and again he unbends, on which occasions he reminds us of the strange case of Mr. *Smallweed*, who, after a fit of anger, had to be pummelled and straightened out before he could resume the conversation; and so it is with *Phroso*, who, being a perfectly irresponsible party (and so far the resemblance to Joso ceases), has to be closely watched by his exhibitor lest he should inadvertently tumble off the platform, or take some such serious false step as would damage his springs for life. *Absit omen!*

But *Phroso* is only one among the many attractions in the sort of perpetual-emotional entertainment at the Hippodrome. There are the three fascinating Sisters KLOS in their "Unrivalled Gymnastic Exercises," sometimes far apart, sometimes KLOS together; and there is M. SCHAFER the juggler who, to his own cheek, or rather on his own unaided chin, walks about balancing a sentry-box with a sentry in it; finally giving a marvellous exhibition of SENTRY-fugal force by chucking away the box with a jerk of his head and sending the soldier flying, quite appropriately, between "the wings."

Pretty pigeons play with Mlle. ELLA BRADNA, and the "Statue Dog" belonging to Miss CHESTER, the sportswoman in white, would delight the heart of any artist by its immobility as a setter. This tableau is recommended to the attention of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. These are a few of the shows, eighteen in number, which are dealt out, not in sequence, but apparently according to the exigencies of the moment, so that No. 9 may perhaps follow closely on the heels of No. 2, and No. 4 may appear immediately after No. 8. Thus the entertainment is full of surprises. But the surprise of all is the New Hippodromatic sensation, written by ALICIA RAMSAY and RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA, with music by CARL KIEFFERT, and admirably stage-managed by Mr. FRANK PARKER. Deeds of daring, not words. *Parker verba*: "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

This Hippo-melo-drama is a lesson to all melodramatists. Observe! a drama, well plotted, spiritedly acted, with such a sensation scene in it as could not be attempted elsewhere, is given to a delighted and excited audience (crowded from floor to ceiling) and lasts scarcely twenty minutes! The scene is "set" before the very eyes of the audience, the

"carpenters" rising to the exceptional occasion, as does also the water which bubbles up from the vasty deep, and is, it may be hoped, at least lukewarm, since the entire *dramatis personæ*, ladies and all, including the female villain *Ravanola* (capitally played by Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE, who might be a twin sister of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), have to take headers, and with the horses, plunging in off the bridge, they have, every one of them, to swim for dear life to the subaquarian stables and bathing-machine-dressing-rooms. The whole company gets on swimmingly: everyone striking out his (or her) own line for himself, thus following the noble example of the self-sacrificing authors, who must have struck out their own lines (by handfuls) in order to bring the drama within the necessary limit of time and tide. With pistols banging, guns shooting, dynamite exploding, a Lodore-like mountain torrent rushing down, and from under the earth springs welling up, it is a Fire-and-Water drama which is drawing, as it deserves to draw, all London. Manager MOSS was not in the house, or he would have acknowledged the plaudits *more rotundo*. If there be parched lips among the excited audience, there is not a dry skin among the energetic actors, on whom the Order of the Bath is nightly and daily conferred. It is a performance that goes swimmingly.

THE LOST ART.

Ah! the art of conversation—has it fled

With the dead?

Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*

Or to wait with eager eyes

For the wisdom of the wise?

I am driven to surmise

It is so.

For the people of the present never stop

Talking shop;

They have idiotic hobbies which they run,

And they gabble o'er the port

Of their everlasting sport—

Monomaniacs, in short,

Everyone.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,

Brakes and spills,

Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,

As one listens to the sound

With a misery profound,

That one's brain is whirling round

Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips

From their lips!

Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish

You could drown them in the sea

Or consign them to the Dee,

Where they really ought to be

With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—

Not a bit!

With their bunkers and their caddies and their greens,

And approaches that have rolled,

And the halves that they have holed—

Little tales that should be told

The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled

With the dead;

Not a single soul will listen when I start

To converse upon a line

Which is singularly fine

And peculiarly mine—

Ancient Art.

UNDER M.V.C. RULES.

[“A new game called Vigoro has been invented, which combines the characteristics of cricket and lawn-tennis. A trial match has been arranged at Lord's, in which many county players are to take part, and Lord HAWKE has announced his intention of introducing it into New Zealand during his forthcoming tour. It can be played all the year round, and, as the ball used is of soft india-rubber, equally well by both sexes. Batsmen, bowlers, and fieldsmen are all armed with racquets.”—*Daily Paper.*]

From the “Sporting Man” of Dec. 5, 1910.

... “And so ended the first of the five Test matches. We hold no brief for England, but we feel that it cannot be denied that the better side won. Except for an hour on the first day, when Miss SMITH and Miss ROBINSON were at the wickets, the New Zealanders were completely outplayed. And this, in spite of the fact that the luck went dead against the home team from the outset, for with MACLAREN unable to turn out, and Miss JONES suffering from acute neuralgia, England was by no means at its full strength. Again, during the majority of the three days snow fell heavily, and it is common knowledge that LOCKWOOD is never at his best on a snowy wicket. Indeed, we seriously question the wisdom of the selection committee in playing him. On his day, it is true, LOCKWOOD is the finest bowler in England. The peculiar twist of his racquet which invariably precedes an off-break is a secret which he shares with no other fast bowler. But since it was obvious from the outset that there would be snow, we think the committee should have given the place to Miss BROWN, who rarely fails to do well on any wicket, and is known to have a partiality for the Lord's ground. However, England won. That is the main point, and a victory so decisive will be the most fitting answer to the pessimistic letters which have appeared repeatedly of late in the columns of the Press. Our players may have their off-seasons, but, in view of this victory, it cannot be said with any semblance of reason that English Vigoro is degenerating. The first of the Test-matches has added immensely to the prestige of English Vigoro.

In fielding we still have much to learn from our visitors. The performance of the New Zealanders in England's first innings, and indeed throughout the match, was a treat to behold. Anything finer than the catch by which Miss SLOGGINSON dismissed GILBERT JESSOR it has never been our lot to witness. At first sight the hit appeared perfectly safe. The ball had all the well-known force of Mr. JESSOR's racquet behind it, and, as so often happens with soft india-rubber balls, was swerving nastily. Miss SLOGGINSON, however, though fully thirty yards away, and up



Mabel (soliloquising). “DEAR ME, THIS RELAXING CLIMATE MAKES EVEN ONE'S PARASOL SEEM TOO HEAVY TO HOLD!”

to her waist in a deep drift, nevertheless contrived to extricate herself and arrest the ball on her racquet just as it was about to clear the ropes. A wonderful effort, which brought down the house, together with a small avalanche from the roof of the pavilion.

HIRST and RHODES both appeared a little stale. Playing since January without a break has had its effect on the two Yorkshire cracks, though their deliveries never looked easy. By a curious coincidence each secured his thousandth wicket this season in his first over.

In conclusion we have to thank the committee of the M.V.C. and Ground for their treatment of the Press representatives. The new stoves in the Press Box are an excellent innovation. We

wish we could express equal praise for certain of the other arrangements in force at Lord's. The growing habit of stopping the game at five o'clock for a hot potatoes interval is the curse of modern Vigoro. It annoys the spectators, and is quite unnecessary.

UNDER the head of “Varieties” the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* makes the following statement:

“Temperance has been promoted in the fer de lance, the most deadly snake in the world.”

Light, however, is thrown on this dark saying by a subsequent paragraph to this effect:

“The recent eruption has rid Martinique of the French Army by controlling the canteen and substituting coffee, tea, and cocoa for intoxicating drinks.”



Customer. "I THINK YOU SHOULD BEGIN TO CHARGE ME HALF PRICE, SHEARS, THERE'S SO LITTLE TO CUT NOW."

Shears. "OTHER WAY ON, SIR, I FANCY. WE OUGHT TO CHARGE DOUBLE. LOOK AT THE TROUBLE I HAVE TO FIND IT!"

THE SCHOLAR GIPSIES; OR, WILD LIFE AT OXFORD.

AN "AMERICAN MOTHER," shocked by the dinginess and dirt of an undergraduate's room at Oxford which she visited in the "Long," asks in the *Times*, "Ought I to subject a lad, after four years of student life at Harvard, in rooms hung with fresh yet inexpensive paper, carpeted with soft-toned rugs, furnished with perfect simplicity, but with regard to comfort and cleanliness, to the squalor of such rooms as I was shown?" Criticism has also been passed on the absence of bath-rooms in the

Oxford Colleges. From the mass of correspondence provoked by these protests we select the following letters:—

O. B. writes:—What can the American lady expect if she selects her University so unintelligently? Such is the cleanliness of the rooms at Cambridge that men are in the habit of taking their meals off the floor. On his last visit to his old college Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT compared it to a new pin. It is surely notorious that both Universities once sported the same colours, but that owing to its objection to soap and water Oxford's ribbon became dark?

S. HOPE writes from the Bodleian:—The American Mother should try again, nearer the Historic building. Cleanliness is next to Bodliness.

The President of the O. U. B. C. writes:—If the Harvard man comes to Oxford I can guarantee that he will be "tubbed" regularly every afternoon.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE writes:—In our University education we have much to learn from the great free Republic of the West. At Oxford our young barbarians are the slaves of a vicious and obsolete system of enervating classicism. At Harvard every student's room is a "Liberty" Hall.

The American lady's son writes:—I want to point out that the whole thing is a mistake. The Mater doesn't understand. The fact is I was bored to death at Harvard by art-pots and mantel borders, antimacassars and portières, and the kind of things that she likes. I don't want any more of it, and I hope the Oxford people aren't going to get WARING and GILLOW and MAPLE down on my account. To be able to spill cigarette ash about comfortably is my ideal.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford writes:—We have taken the letter of the American Mother so much to heart that it has been decided to examine also in *literæ mundiores*, and to give a degree H. E. (Harvard's Equal) to the undergraduate with the cleanest person and rooms. The *viva voce* will include such questions as:—

Good morning, have you etc.?

Detail the reasons why a certain article won't wash clothes.

Explain why a woman looks old sooner than a man.

Complete the chain between saron and savant.

Why did the person in the famous story very imprudently marry the barber?

Account for the dying GOETHE's plea for more Sunlight.

NATURE STUDY.—*The Stormy Petrol*, a beast of prey originally met with in the Surrey jungle, whence it has spread rapidly over the face of the country. Of a fierce, vindictive disposition, much given to the demolition of old ladies and stray cattle. Very little is known of it beyond its pungent odour, by which it may be traced for many miles.

In the French military term for "company firing"—*feu de peloton*—it seems that some explanation is to be found for M. PELLETAN's "blazing indiscretion" at a recent dinner. He must have been fired by the company.



THE CUNARD SAVAGE.

THE SALT THAT FAILED.





Jack. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE COUNTRY PLACES IS THAT EVERYTHING IS SO PRIMITIVE. THE GOOD WOMAN HERE TOLD ME THAT SHE GOT THE WATER FOR OUR TEA OUT OF THE WELL."



Chuckle-headed farm labourer (thinking to interest the "quality"). "O'VE JUST BEEN A-FISHIN' ABOUT IN OUR WELL, AND LOOK WOT I FOUND!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE are glad to hear that the Korean EMPEROR, who recently died, is now quite well.

The Tobacco War has entered on a new phase. The American and British Companies have now combined to attack the consumer.

This year's Lord Mayor's Show should be a noble pageant, for Sir MARCUS SAMUEL is a Spectacle Maker.

As though times were not already bad enough for artists, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING has now taken to illustrating his own books. The artists are up in arms about it, and it is reported that, by way of retaliation, several intend to take lessons in spelling with a view to writing the text for their own drawings in the future.

Captain WELLS has had the effrontery to refuse to obey the orders of the *Daily Mail* and resign. Onlookers are holding their breath and wondering what will happen.

The Captain, it is said, will insist on a Chief Officer for the City being

appointed, who must be a naval man. Others hold that it is more important that such officer should be used to fire than water. A naval officer who has been under fire would, we should say, be the ideal.

Realism has never been carried quite so far at Drury Lane as in the present drama. One day last week a British shell that was intended to demolish a Boer hut burst prematurely and injured five Englishmen, and the War Office is said to have registered a protest against actual incidents of the War being reproduced.

The fact that no photograph of Miss EDNA MAY has been published in the ——— since last week is, we learn, due to a misunderstanding in the editorial department. Steps have been taken to rectify the error, and it is understood that several of Miss MAY's portraits will appear as usual in all subsequent numbers.

Despite the close secrecy that was preserved on the subject, information leaked out, before the opening night, to the effect that the author of *The Eternal City* (Mr. TREE's new production) is Mr. HALL CAINE. This gentleman (who lives a retired life in the Isle of Man) is said to have written several books.

THE WORLD'S LOSS.

I FEEL that I was formed to sweep
The heart-strings of the human race—
Nay, more—my power could overleap
The utmost bounds of time and space:
The fires of inspiration play
About my frame from head to heel;
I feel—well, I can hardly say
Exactly how it is I feel.

Can one suppose no man was meant
To strike a nobler, loftier note
Than that which left the world content
When SHAKESPEARE, or when MILTON
wrote?

Banish the thought! The nations cry
For such an one, if such there be;
Nor shall they cry in vain, for I
Am confident that I am he.

Yet just at present, I confess,
I cannot grant my fellow-men
Hope of immediate happiness
From any effort of my pen—
Upon its point the quivering ink
Hangs impotent in weary doubt,
Because I simply cannot think
Of anything to write about.

"WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT?"
13 ACRES of good Fog to Let up to Christmas.
Apply ———
North Eastern Daily Gazette.

A "VERY-NEARLY" STORY.

(Not at all by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

ONCE upon a time—not very long ago—an Eminent Writer met a Modern Child.

"Approach, Best-Beloved," said the Eminent Writer, "come hither, oh 'scruciating idle and pachydermatous phenomenon, and I will tell you a 'trancing tale!"

The Modern Child regarded him with mild curiosity. "Feeling a bit chippy?" he asked, "slight break in the brain-box? Or why do you talk like that?—No, can't stop now, I'm sorry to say."

"But you must, Best-Beloved! You've got to, oh, 'satisfiable Chimpanzee! Can't you see that I'm an Eminent Writer, talking in this way on purpose to please you? And you don't even know how the RUDDIKIP got His Great Big Side! Do stop and listen!"

"Oh, anything you like," said the Modern Child, sitting down wearily. "Let me light a cigarette. Now, drive ahead!"

"Down at the back of beginning, oh extremely Precious, there was a little RUDDIKIP. And he was the most 'defatigable creature that anyone ever knew. There never was a creature so specially and 'scusably 'defatigable. And first he grew several Tails, which the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP said were Plain, but all the other creatures said were highly-coloured, and very fine indeed. Then he made many other inventions in the day's work, and sang songs too, and everybody agreed that there never was such a 'defatigable RUDDIKIP, and his little side began to grow—'cause he couldn't help it. 'Cept when he tried a Light that Failed; then he got a hump instead. So, Best-Beloved, the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP pleased all the big people and creatures, and they all shouted out 'Hurrah! Well-done!' just as loud as ever they could shout. Then he said:

"I have pleased the big people; it behoves me to do something for the rising generation of muddled oafs"—which was the way the RUDDIKIP talked after his Side was grown big. So next he said a pretty piece about a most 'strordinary STORKY & Co., but the young muddled oafs only said, 'Pah! Bah! Pooh!'—which hurt the feelings of the RUDDIKIP. 'Sons of the Spuming Spring-tide!' he snorted (and no one knew what was meant) 'I will now turn to the Small Children, and I shall address them in decapitated polysyllables.'

"Wherefore and 'cordingly, oh Best-Beloved, the most-and-altogether-beyond-record-'defatigable RUDDIKIP took his little pen, and he wrote. Then they took the writing of the 'defatigable

RUDDIKIP, and put it in beautiful, big black print. For they knew, oh Approximately Invaluable, that this is the kind of talk you like, and that you would thank the RUDDIKIP ever so much for tales written just in this way!"

"Chuck it!" said the Modern Child, as he rose and fled.

THE NEWEST MODEL.

"Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat."

ARMY ORDER. VERY SPECIAL.

War Office, All Fools' Day, 1903.

PAST endeavours to attract recruits of the desired quality and in the numbers hoped for having lamentably failed, the following revised regulations for the conciliation of the private soldier are now issued for the guidance of all concerned.

1. The period of drill shall not exceed thirty minutes *per diem*, to be fixed at such time of day as shall be most convenient to the majority of privates interested.

2. No private having engagements of his own at the time fixed for any drill—all arrangements in accordance with Clause I. of these Regulations notwithstanding—shall be required to attend at such drill.

3. Any private in whose opinion it is likely to rain, hail, or snow during the period fixed for any drill shall be excused from attending on his stating such opinion to the officer or non-commissioned officer in command.

4. Any private who may consider himself aggrieved or insulted by the behaviour towards him of the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge of the drill, may fall out.

5. Any private who is bored by drill may fall out.

6. Privates proceeding to the ranges for the purpose of musketry training shall be conveyed thither—otherwise than by railway—in breaks provided at the expense of the officer in charge of the party, who shall also be required to furnish at his own expense the requisite cornets-a-piston, flags, and beer.

7. Any private finding it inconvenient to himself to attend musketry training shall be excused therefrom. Should he fail in becoming efficient in musketry for any year, his company commander will be severely punished.

8. Every private shall be allotted a separate bed and sitting-room in barracks to himself on joining, to be furnished according to his tastes, but at the public expense. He shall also be allotted a valet to himself, and a housemaid and commissionaire shall be provided for each group of privates at the public expense.

9. Every private shall be provided with a latch-key into barracks on join-

ing. Should he consider it undesirable to return to barracks for any night, he may put up at the best hotel in the town where his regiment is quartered, his bill for supper, bed, and breakfast, but not for luncheon, to be charged to the commanding officer of his regiment.

10. All privates shall be *ex officio* honorary members of the officers' mess. Meals taken there shall be defrayed at the public expense, but light refreshments, cigars, &c., shall be charged to the commanding officer of the regiment.

11. In order to promote good feeling between all ranks of the service, company commanders, or, in the event of their becoming insolvent, their subalterns, shall be required to furnish each private of their respective companies with such pocket monies as he shall see fit.

12. Every private who may be dissatisfied with any of the provisions of this order, or the manner of their being acted on by his officers, may send in a confidential report (A.F. X.X.X. 1001) to the Secretary of State for War, who will at once attend to it.

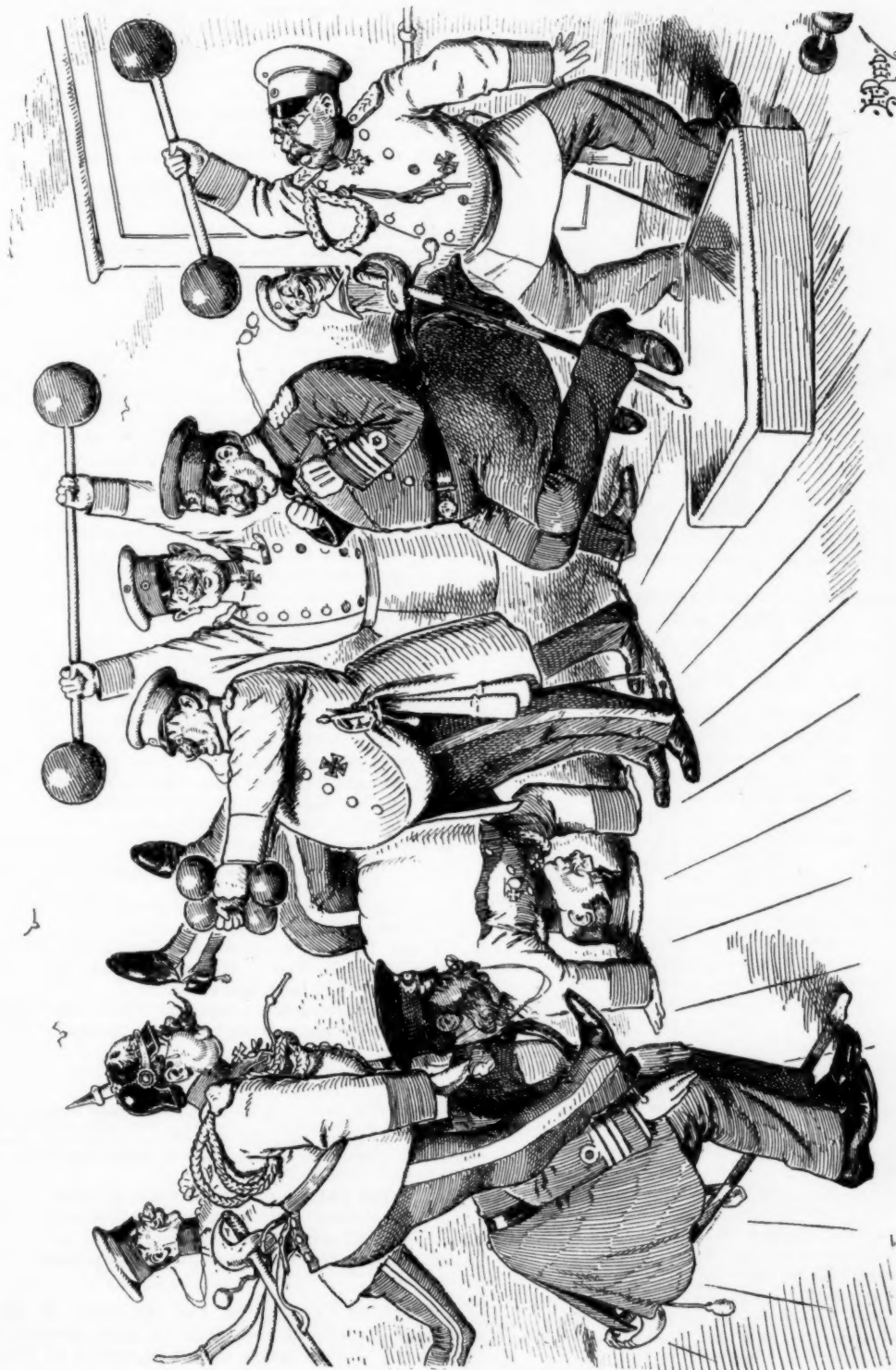
It is desired to impress on commanding officers and their subordinates how important the survival of the private is to the well-being of the Army, and of those answerable for him to the nation. The degrading and detrimental habit hitherto prevalent of treating him as though he were merely a senior public-schoolboy or University undergraduate, and not innately endowed with an intelligence considerably beyond his years, must therefore no longer be tolerated. Commanding officers and others, while in no wise abating their zeal for the smartness and efficiency of the British Army, must not allow such zeal, by over-ruling any of their men's most cherished ideals, to endanger the maintenance on paper of a sufficient number of private soldiers to preserve the peace of the tax-payer.

(Signed) BR-DK.

Secretary of State for War AND
Commander-in-Chief.

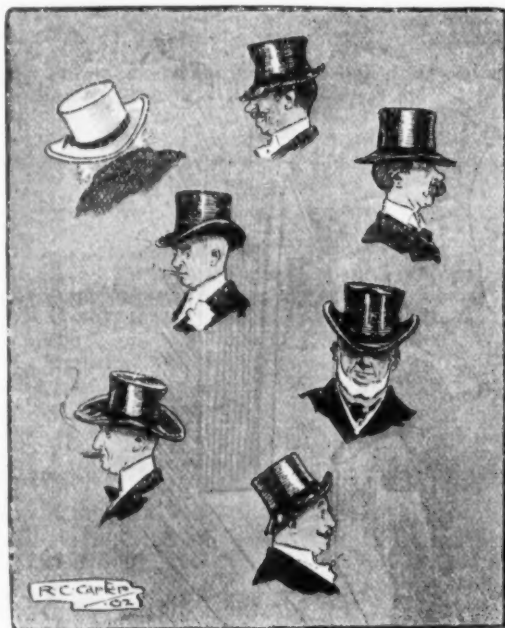
THE *Daily Mail* of October 3, in its notice of the new play at His Majesty's, speaks of "Mr. TELBIX's palace, with St. Peter's in the background, and Mr. HARKER's studio, with the Coliseum seen through the wide window." The courtesy of these two gentlemen in lending their respective properties for the purposes of reproduction cannot be too much commended.

SUGGESTION.—Offer a prize for the best verses on tobacco in the form of cigars, cigarettes, or varieties for pipe-smoking. Let the successful competitor receive the degree of "*Bacca-Laureat*."



FOR KAISER AND FATHERLAND.

["The German Emperor, in an overflow of high spirits, recently compelled the admirals and officers present on the Imperial Yacht to go through a series of gymnastic exercises. As some of them were rather inclined to be portly, it was a piquant spectacle."—*Daily Paper*.]



THE EFFECT OF THE "PANAMA" CRAZE ON THE
"STOVE-PIPE" HAT.

DUKE, A DRAY-HORSE.

ONLY a horse! But who can well decide
How much was lost when *Duke*, the dray-horse, died?
Mildness inborn and honesty untaught,
Majestic patience and sagacious thought,
Faith that endured and love that knew no end—
Such was old *Duke*, our huge and dappled friend.
Oft have I seen him pacing on his way,
Single, or paired with *Paladin*, the bay,
Now on the level, calm and debonaire,
His shaggy forelock tossing in the air,
Now, his neck stretched, his breathing quick and deep,
With pointed forehoofs clawing up the steep,
Till, when the top was won, he'd pause and seem
A mammoth spectre in a cloud of steam.
The little children marked with wondering eyes
His swelling muscles, his gigantic size,
Forsook their sports to flock about his knees,
And pat and smooth him while he stood at ease.
Then *Duke*, refreshed and resolute and gay,
Leaned to his work once more and drew the dray.
How firm his footfalls, while the noisy load
Came rumbling after, struck the echoing road!
How, without effort, mightily he moved,
Joyous and proud and grand and unreprieved;
For all he knew of whips was this in brief:—
They sometimes cracked and sometimes flicked a leaf.
Let others flinch—he could not be afraid
On whose broad back no lash was ever laid.
And when at eve within his stall he stood,
Massive but tired, and munched his simple food,
His body cool, his legs washed down and dried,
His honest forehead in his headstall tied,
While on the air the rhythmic sound was borne
Of steady teeth all grinding at the corn—

If, on his rounds, his well-loved driver came,
Patted his flank and softly called his name,
Straight, making room, he shifted on his bed,
And pricked his ears and lifted up his head,
And, strong in love as in his gesture meek,
Laid his soft nose against the man's rough cheek.
Still, when the slow withdrawing step was heard,
He looked and mutely asked another word;
Then the sound faded and the horse was fain
With one deep sigh to turn and munch again.

Next to this friend, throughout his hours of rest
One little comrade always pleased him best,
A stunted cat, a cat so inky-black
She seemed a blot upon his good grey back,
Where oft in meditation rapt she lay,
Kneading his skin, and purred the time away.
Nor did she fail to bring her kittens all
For *Duke's* approval to the straw-laid stall:
Kind in her purpose, in her method rough,
She seized her vocal offspring by the scruff,
And laid them one by one, an offering meet,
In anxious triumph at her playmate's feet,
Who looked and snuffed and wondered what they were,
And gazed again, but never hurt a hair.

True to the end and staunch, whate'er befell,
Farewell, strong body, gentle heart farewell!
Service and zeal and kindness and sense—
You gave them all, nor craved a recompense;
But, proud to own and quick to understand
The trifling tribute of a flattering hand,
Toiled at your task with undivided mind,
Grateful for this:—if only men were kind.
So if I let my pleasant fancies stray
Beyond the limit of your earthly day,
Grand as in life, old friend, I see you stand
Cropping sweet clover in a happy land,
Where no hills tire, no granite gives you pain,
But grass grows deep and all is level plain,
With spreading trees to make a green retreat,
And rippling streams to cool your unshod feet;
And not a fly, howe'er the heat increase,
To move your tail or mar your perfect peace. R. C. L.

THEY were talking of a friend whose University career
had not been a distinguished success.

"I saw him the other day," observed first Clubman to
t'other, "and he looked very much aged. As a novelist
would put it, 'his brow was furrowed.'"

"Ah!" observed his companion, "that must have been
the effect of his last examination when he was 'pouched.'"

Big Game.

[*Path.* (This is a place, not an apposite remark.)—On the estate of
Count ZICHY in Weissenburg a battue on a large scale came off recently in
honour of the Grand Duke NIKOLAUS CONSTANTINOVICH. During the
battue the Grand Duke shot five beaters, while Count ZICHY brought
down four.]

THE English sportsman takes his aim
Intent to grass the winged pheasant;
The foreigner thinks all is game:
He drops an h and grounds a peasant.

DEGREES OF LATITUDE ON THE ATLANTIC.—It has been
suggested that the Roman Canonical Law discouraging the
marriage of First Cousins should be applied to Morganatic
Combines. Our American Cousins would then be more
restricted in their opportunities for obtaining "lines."

CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX.

As a place of extreme quiet—not to say sleepiness—it would be difficult to beat Caudebec-en-Caux. It is not so quiet as it was twenty years ago, when the nearest railway station was seven miles away, and at times it is really bustling if two motor cars arrive at once; but on the whole it is still unlike Paris, or London, or places of that sort.

It is not entirely cut off from the world. There is the steamer on the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, and there is the little train on the branch line which will bring you slowly from the junction for Paris. This train goes to and fro four times a day, as the younger waiter of the hotel informs me with some pride. He is a Caudebecois, who has never been further than Rouen. "Mais," says he, in a tone of apology and regret, "*ce n'est pas comme Yvetot. Là il y a huit ou dix trains par jour.*" Yvetot is a small station on the main line from Paris to Havre, and appears to him to be an important junction for European traffic, a sort of Frankfort, or Munich, or Basle.

The rambling inn at Caudebec is clean. As usual in French provincial hotels, *le patron* does very little all day. At times he drives out in a cart. At other times he chats with his acquaintances in the café on the ground floor. But his chief work is to take off his cap to visitors, raising it a little to those on bicycles, and removing it entirely to those in motor cars, being equally polite, however, to all. *La patronne* does everything else. She welcomes the coming, and speeds the parting, guest, directs the waiters, answers the telephone, keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, looks after the café, and manages the kitchen, where she makes omelettes which are superb.

Except fishing, there is not much for the people of Caudebec to do. However, like all their countrymen, they wish for nothing better than to stand on the quay with a rod and line, just as other Frenchmen do in Paris, and Rouen, and everywhere. That they usually catch nothing does not seem to diminish their enjoyment at all. They will stand under an umbrella in pouring rain, still catching nothing. Others, less fortunate, will stand also in pouring rain, enviously watching them catching nothing. One day I saw a patient angler catch a fish six inches long. He admitted that he had been fishing for half-an-hour. It is only fair to state that it had not rained—at least, not heavily—during that time. To encourage him I remarked that he had the advantage of being in the fresh air. "Et puis," said he, "*c'est amusant.*"



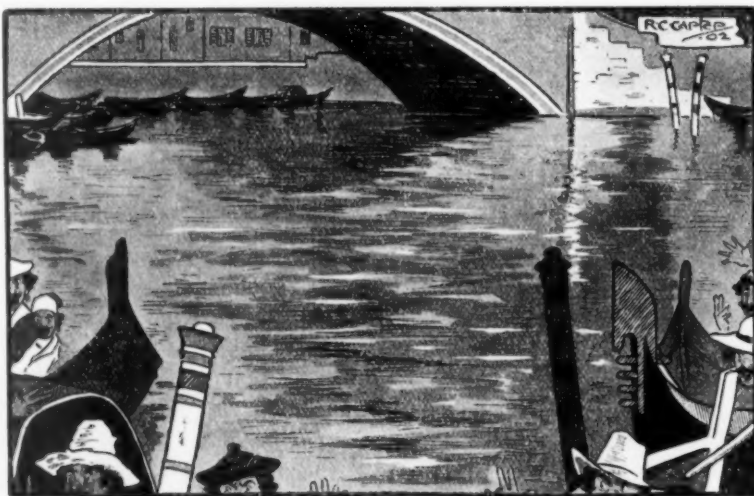
Mr. Pipsqueak (more proficient with the "long-bow" than the shot-gun). "YESTERDAY I BROUGHT HOME SEVEN BRACK. NOT BAD, YER KNOW. FIRED ONLY FIFTEEN CARTRIDGES. TO-DAY HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE BIRD. NONE TO BE SEEN."
Horrid Boy. "'COURSE NOT. IT'S EARLY CLOSING DAY AND ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT UP!"
[Mr. Pipsqueak wishes "horrid boys" were shut up also.]

That is about the last epithet I should have used to describe it. I should have chosen *assommant*, but I did not tell him so.

As for the visitors, they make excursions, and they make water-colour sketches, and they make endless amusement during the few fine days of summer for the quiet inhabitants. *Les Anglais* and *les chauffeurs*. What marvellous people they are, strange beings who live ever so far away, further than Yvetot, further even than Rouen, and come to look at the spring-tide rushing, in one wave, up the river from the sea. The excursions are charming, especially on the Seine. But getting on the steamer offers some difficulties. It does not

stop; it only drifts in mid stream, and you are taken out in a small boat and hauled on board by your arms, or your collar, or your neck.

I tried this way of returning one very windy day, from the ferry at Jumièges. The ferryman and his comrade, assisted by the carter, a *garde forestier* and various bystanders, had just got a heavy cart down the slippery slope on one side, and up the steep slope at the other, when the steamer appeared at the bend of the river. There was no one to take me out; I was miles from the railway-station; and the next train did not go for four hours, and the next boat for two days. As I stood helpless, the ferryman's wife, with six children



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. VENICE.

and two dogs, burst out of her cottage, and jumped into the boat. She pulled at the chain of the little anchor; it was immovable. She pulled and pulled, but in vain. She would not let me help her, so I stood on the bank with the *garde forestier*, the six children and the two dogs, and gave way to despair. The steamer was almost opposite us. Suddenly the anchor came up, she screamed "*Embarquez, embarquez*," I was pushed into the boat by the *garde forestier* and the children, and hauled on board the steamer just in time. The landing at Caudebec was much worse, for there the westerly gale and the rapidly flowing tide from the sea produced an excellent imitation of the Channel passage. The steamer bobbed up and down, and the small boat alongside bobbed up and down much more. The boatman held on to a rope like grim death. A fat Frenchman made the first leap and landed safely. His wife followed, and fell on the boatman. Then I stepped down. By this time the narrow space in the bow was completely filled, and we were wedged up against a cross seat, while the boatman yelled "*Passez derrière*" frantically. Then some English ladies jumped down upon us, and a stout old gentleman precipitated himself upon the struggling mass. We clung to each other and got ashore safely, but the Havre and Rouen steamers on a stormy day are not exactly the sort of conveyance for the aged or the infirm.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Mr. Punch's advice to those who are anxious to get stout. Buy it.

A SUGGESTION.

[*"A propos of marriage customs, the Jakuna arrange matters in a way that might well be copied among some of us. The woman's relatives subject the intending husband to a severe examination in his prospects."*—*Daily Paper*.]

Now that the seaside season is ended, parents and guardians of marriageable girls may probably find it a labour-saving device to supply themselves with fifty or a hundred neatly printed circulars in the following form:—

Sir,—Your marked attentions to my daughter (*name to be filled in, or, in case of divided attentions to two or more daughters, all the likely names*) at (*insert name of watering-place*) having

been reported to me by several credible witnesses, including (*specify them, as for example, "the above-mentioned MAUD," or "my youngest boy THOMAS, who, as you are doubtless aware, is an absolutely fearless amateur photographer"*), I have to request you to fill up the subjoined return, and let me have same by the end of this week without fail, as the matter is urgent.

1. What is your total annual income (if any)? Having regard to the rate of increase of rates and taxes, in how many years do you calculate it will be reduced to nothing?

2. What is the amount (average for last three years) expended by you in club subscriptions, dinner parties, week-end trips to Brighton, soda-water, sundries, and all the other habits you will naturally desire to abandon in case of your marriage?

3. Are you financially interested in either of the following institutions?—(a) Musical comedy; (b) British railways.

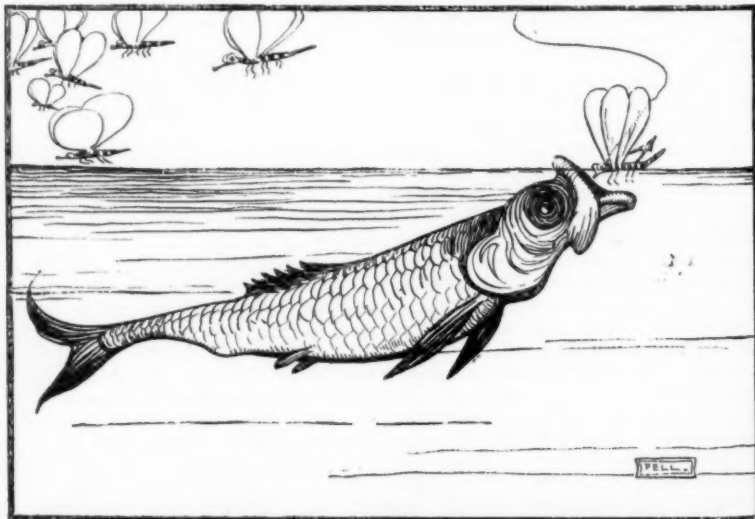
4. Have you any rich bachelor uncles or maiden aunts? How would you describe the degrees of cordiality existing between you and them respectively?

5. Have you any friends at Court, in the extended sense of that phrase?

6. What is your opinion of the proposition, "What's enough for one is enough for two"?

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

This circular should be kept under cover until a fitting occasion arises for its despatch. To leave it lying about in the drawing-room would not only be disconcerting to male callers, but might even defeat the object for which it has been prepared.



HE COULDN'T SEE THE POINT OF IT AT ALL!